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The GARONNE, 3,876 tons register, will leave London, 22nd April, visiting CADIZ, TANGIER, MALAGA, PALERMO, TAORMINA, VENICE, RAGUSA, CORFU, MALTA, PHILIPPEVILLE (for Constantine), GIBRALTAR, arriving at Plymouth 29th May, and London 30th May.
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SOLD EVERYWHERE.

SAGA OF THE SAGACIOUS NORSECAL.

SEE in the paper that there is a movement for getting Scandinavian female servants over to England. They are said to be plentiful, and strictly honest, and to regard £12 a year as untold wealth.

Have ordered one. A Viqueen, fresh from the fiords. Thought she would understand German. She doesn't—at least not *my* German. Wife tries her with French. She grins amiably. This is rather serious. Forgot all about the language difficulty.

Get Scandinavian Dictionary. Try her with simple sentences. "Do you come from Sweden?" Curious, she seems offended at the question. Why? It appears she is a Norsewoman, and Norse and Swedes don't love each other. How childish! Possibly a reference to IBSEN will mollify her. "Do you know Herr (*do* they call them "Herrs" in Norway?) IBSEN, *mein fräulein?*" Says she's never heard of him. Such is fame!

Best point about her is, that she is undeniably strong. May not be true or tender, but, anyhow, strong. Moves our grand piano with one hand. Quite a "feat *off* the fiord," this.

As cook, our hardy Norsewoman slightly primitive. Has a passion for caraway seeds. Wife objects. She says "caraway seeds used in *every* dish in Norway." That decides me—shall *not* take a tour among the fiords this year, as I was thinking of doing. Even the North Cape would be spoiled by a diet of caraway.

Our Gretchen (query—*is* "Gretchen" the correct Norse word?) becomes gloomy. Evidently pines for home; naturally, perhaps, as Norway the home of pines! Wife interrogates her. She complains of an absence of avalanches in London. Sorry we can't oblige her with *these*. Also, it seems, England is "not cold enough for her." But she hasn't seen our summer yet. Then she would like a few reindeer about the place, and considers a cab a very poor substitute for a carriole.

To comfort her, I try a tip. She at once warmly shakes hands with me! Appears to be the custom of her country. Extraordinary and a little embarrassing.

She is off to Hull! Not even a princely fortune (£12 a year) will induce her to stay in a city which never has an avalanche or an aurora. Our Northern light has gone out!

THE NAVAL PREPARATIONS.

SUGGESTED CORPS OF SUBMARINE CAVALRY (ROYAL MOUNTED SUB-MARINES), *NOT* INCLUDED IN THIS YEAR'S ESTIMATES.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—"Potter Exhibition prize awarded to Mr. R. NEVILLE FLUX." We've often heard of "By flux of time," but his future compositions will be by "Flux of tune."

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A BRIDEGROOM AT MONTE CARLO TO HIS BRIDE.

I AM lounging at ease 'neath a tropical palm
That looks up at a tropical sky,
While the water below has a tropical calm
And the breeze gives a tropical sigh.
There's a tropical sun to illumine the green,
There are flowers of tropical hue,
There are tropical folk to embellish the scene,
There's a tropical look about you.

We all of us speak with compassionate smile
Of the land of perpetual fog,
Where continued existence is scarce worth the while
Of a well-bred and well-to-do dog.
It is only when safe in this thrice happy spot
That one dreams of the Isles of the Blest,
That one pities the ever exiguous lot
Of the many, who work without rest.

Here's your cloak! there are clouds, and the air's not so clear,
Yes, in England we'd say, "There'll be snow."
Such a thing in this country could never appear;
It's a tropical climate, you know.
You call it the *mistral?* It's awfully chill,
And, by Jupiter! here comes the wet
Down in buckets! No waterproofs? Never mind. Still
We can get warm again at roulette!

You've a system? Bravo! If I follow your play,
Then by doubling we must win a *coup!*
That's nineteen times running your luck's gone astray!
So has mine, and I haven't a *sou!*
What, you've still got a "Nap"? There's our number! It's not?
What, you chang'd? Then the bank we can't break.
Though the tropical gentry are certainly hot,
Yet no woman here *could* love a rake!

MR. PUNCH'S PLAYING CARDS.

No. III.—THE KNAVE OF CLUBS AND SHILLELAGHS.

D-LL-N. H-LY.

ECHOES FROM BERLIN.

"HAVE you carefully packed up that silver cup and despatched it to Cowes?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Have you looked out a showy decoration for the acceptance of the Negus?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Have you had a copy of the engraving of my famous picture framed in diamonds for the KHEDIVE?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Have you selected a diplomatic suit (cocked hat, sword, breeches and all) for the use of President KRÜGER?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Have you forwarded my plan for the Paris Exhibition of 1900 to President FAURE?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Have you mailed my scheme for a new constitution of the U.S.A. to President CLEVELAND?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Have you posted my pamphlet, 'How to Ride a High Horse,' to the Emperor of Austria, on the occasion of his becoming my brother officer in the British cavalry?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Have you handed my last sermon to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Emperor of Abyssinia, General Booth, and the Pope?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Have you sent my memorandum, 'On the Extraction of the Yolks of Eggs by Suction,' to the most venerable of my revered relatives?" "Yes, your Majesty."

"Then, after you have filled up a telegram of congratulation to the winner of the Boat-race, leaving the name blank, you can go to dinner." "Yes, your Majesty."

SUGGESTED MOTTOES FOR THE GREEN PARK CLUB.—*Vir non semper viret*, and *Virtus semper viridis*.

CHARLES THE BOLD.

["What he wanted was personal responsibility. If an expert said we had enough ammunition, and it was proved we had not, he ought to be tried by court-martial and shot."—*Report of Lord Charles Beresford's Speech, Times, March* 20, 1896.]

Charles. "SHOULD AN EXPERT OF POSITION,
SWEAR ENOUGH OF AMMUNITION
WE HAVE GOT,
AND WE 'VE NOT,
Chorus. "AND WE 'VE NOT!

Charles (solo). "HE 'LL BE TRIED BY A COMMISSION,
AND, UPON HIS OWN ADMISSION,
WHICH THEY 'VE GOT,
HE 'LL BE SHOT,
Chorus. "MUST BE SHOT!"

CHARLEY AND THE NAVY.

["An archangel could not work under the present system. . . . He *wanted* to make what was now a sham into a reality."
Lord Charles Beresford on Naval Defence.]

AIR:—"*Nelson and the Navy.*"

I say, my bold hearties! here's one who ne'er shirks.
He'll give it our foemen—with gravy.
And what with the Frenchies, the Yanks, and the Turks,
Old England *has* need of a Navy.
Lord CHARLEY has got a determinate view
To keep up our national glory.
We want lots o' ships, lots o' guns, and men, too;
Yes, CHARLEY, my lad, that's the story!

To England and honesty true he has been.
Though he's better at fight than at parley.
Let's be loyal to country, and true to the QUEEN;
And drink to the Navy and CHARLEY!

He knows the right orders are free cash—and care,
And by heart he has perfectly got 'em
They have wasted our wealth upon ships as won't wear,
And some have gone smack to the bottom.
It isn't so much that our taxes has growed,
Though enough of that tack we have tasted.
We want a good fleet, and expenses be blowed!
But so much of what's spent now is *wasted!*

Can't follow their figures, I give ye my word,
As the landlubbers tot 'em and twist 'em,
But what strikes a plain sailorman as absurd,
As Lord CHARLEY says, is—the System!
In course for our ships and our guns we must *pay*, [kick 'em!
But if big-wigs will squander, why,
Give us value for money, in BERESFORD's way,
Then show us our foes and we'll lick 'em!

They chatter and patter, and squabble and shift,
And don't know their minds half-a-minute.
If officers quarrel and let the ship drift,
She'll sink, or the dickens is in it.
If Ministers, stuffed with their figures, like geese,
Know no more of the *facts* than this paper,
They'll land us in war whilst they're crying out peace!
And smash is the end o' *that* caper.

The Adm'ralty bosses, who handle our cash,
Do seem to get worser and worser;
A chap who's now stingy, now spendthrift and rash,
Is not the right party for purser.
It seems to me, somehow, they're mostly asleep,
And when they are waking they're snarley.
That's not the right way for to hold or to keep
Our rule of the waves, *is* it, CHARLEY?

If we're not up to date, but a moment too late, [crockery,
We'll get smashed, like a basket o'
We are game to fight odds if prepared for our fate,
But muddling *and* bragging mean mockery.
Those dashed "Little Englanders" give me the spleen,
But let patriots be cautious and steady.
Paw the word, and we'll fight for country and Queen,
But, as CHARLEY says, *do* let's be ready!

Here's BERESFORD's health! He's the Navy's best friend,
As true as the keel to the kelson,
But a system what's rotten will baulk in the end
An archangel, or even a Nelson.
If his money's well spent, BULL will "part" with a smile,
For ships, men, forts, harbours, and cannon;
And then he won't bother at threats from the Nile, [Shannon.
Though backed by black scowls from the

Then for England let's join, spite of partisan spleen,
And Parliament splutter and parley;
Let's fill a joint bumper to Country and Queen,
And drink to the Navy and CHARLEY!

A BI-METALLISTIC DISCUSSION.

Jim. "WHAT'S THIS 'ERE 'BI-METALLISM,' BILL?"

Bill (*of superior intelligence*). "WELL, YER SEE, JIM, IT 'S NEITHER A LICENS'D WITTLERS OR A TEETOTAL DODGE. THE WAGES 'LL BE PAID IN SILVER, AND NO MORE COPPERS. SO YOU CAN'T GET NO ARF-PINT NOR NANYTHINK UNDER A SIXPENCE OR A THRIP'NY. THEN YOU NEITHER LEAVES IT ALONE, AND TAKES TO WATER LIKE A DUCK, OR YOU RUNS UP A SCORE."

Jim. "AH! BUT IF THERE AIN'T NO MORE COPPERS, 'OW ABOUT THE 'BUSSES AND THE HUNDERGROUND RILEWAY?" *Bill* (*profoundly*). "AH!" [*Left sitting.*

ALFRED AMONG THE IMMORTALS.

(*The Poet Laureate is on view at Madame Tussaud's.*)

LET them jibe, let them jeer,
Let them snigger and sneer
At my dramas, my lays, and my odes!
Others know my true worth—
Mid the Great Ones of earth
They have shrined me at Madame TUSSAUD'S!

LEATHER-LUNGED PATRIOTISM. — While "LABBY," M.P., is invoking "congenial souls," his constituents are providing suitable boots for the Soudan Expedition.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. VII.

How Mr. Jabberjee risked a Sprat to capture something very like a Whale.

I AM this week to narrate an unprecedented stroke of bad luck occurring to the present writer. The incipience of the affair was the addressing of a humble petition to the indulgent ear of Hon'ble *Punch*, calling attention to the great copiousness of my literary output, and the ardent longing I experienced to behold the colour of money on account. On which, by returning post, my parched soul was reinvigorated by the refreshing draught of a *draft* (if I may be permitted the rather facetious *jeu de mots*) payable to my order.

So uplifted by pride at finding the insignificant crumbs I had cast upon the journalistic waters return to me after numerous days in the improved form of loaves and fishes, I wended my footsteps to the bank on which my cheque was drafted, and requested the bankers behind the counter to honour it with the root of all evil, which they did with obsequious alacrity.

"Was accosted by a polite, agreeable stranger."

After closely inspecting the notes to satisfy myself that I had not been imposed upon by meretricious counterfeits, I emerged with a beaming and joyful countenance, stowing the needful away carefully in an interior pocket, and, on descending the bank step, was accosted by a polite, agreeable stranger, who, begging my pardon with profusion, inquired whether he had not had the honour of voyaging from India with me in the—the—for his life he could not recall the name of the ship—he should forget his own name presently!

"Indeed," I answered him, "I cannot remember having the felicity of an encounter with you upon the *Kaisar-i-Hind*."

The Stranger: "To be sure; that *was* the name! A truly magnificent vessel! I forget names—but faces, never! And yours I remember from the striking resemblance to my dear friend, the Maharajah of Phûlkarribad—you know him?—a very elegant young, handsome chap. A splendid *Shikarri!* I was often on the verge of asking if you were related; but being then but a second-class passenger, and under an impecunious cloud, did not dare to take the liberty. Now, being on the bed of clover owing to decease of wealthy uncle, I can address you without the mortifying fear of misconstruction."

So, in return, I, without absolutely claiming consanguinity with the Maharajah (of whom, indeed, I had never heard), did inform him that I, too, was munching the slice of luck, having just drawn the princely instalment of a salary for jots and tittles contributed to periodical *Punch*. Whereat he warmly congratulated me, expressing high appreciation of my articles and abilities, but exclaiming at the miserable paucity of my *honorarium*, saying he was thick as a thief with the Editor, and would leave no stone unturned to procure me a greater adequacy of remuneration for writings that were dirt cheap at a Jew's eye.

And presently he invited me to accompany him to a respectable sort of tavern, and solicited the honour of my having a "peg" at his expense; to which I, perceiving him to be a good-natured, simple fellow, inflated by sudden prosperity, consented, accepting, contrary to my normal habitude, his offer of a brandy pawee, or an old Tom.

While we were discoursing of India (concerning which I found that, like most globular trotters, he had not been long enough in the country to be accurately informed), enters a third party, who, it so ppened, was an early acquaintance of my companion, though separated by the old long sign of a longinquity. What followed I shall render in a dialogue form.

The Third Party: Why, TOMKINS, you have a prosperous appearance, TOMKINS. When last met, you suffered from the impecuniosity of a churched mouse. Have you made your fortune, TOMKINS?

Mr. Tomkins. I am too easy a goer, and there are too many rogues in the world, that I should ever make my own fortune, JOHNSON! Happily for me, an opulent and ancient avuncular relative has lately departed to reside with the morning stars, and left me wealth outside the dream of an avaricious!

Mr. Johnson (*enviously*). God bless my soul! Some folks have the good luck. (*To me, whispering.*) A poor ninny-hammer sort of chap, he will soon throw it away on drakes and ducks! (*Aloud, to* Mr. TOMKINS.) Splendid! I congratulate you sincerely.

Mr. T. (*in a tone of dolesomeness*). The heart knoweth where the shoe pinches it, JOHNSON. My lot is not a rose-bed. For my antique and eccentric relative must needs insert a testamentary condition commanding me to forfeit the inheritance, unless, within three calendered months from his last obsequies, I shall have distributed ten thousand pounds amongst young deserving foreigners. To-morrow time is up, and I have still a thousand pounds to give away! But how to discover genuine young deserving foreigners in so short a space? Truly, I go in fear of losing the whole!

Mr. J. Let me act as your *budli* in this and distribute the remaining thousand.

Mr. T. From what I remember of you as a youth, I cannot wholly rely on your discretion. Rather would I place my confidence in this gentleman.

[*Indicating myself, who turned orange with pleasure.*

Mr. J. Indeed? And how know you that he may not adhere to the entire thousand?

Mr. T. And if he does, it is no matter, if he is a genuine deserving. I can give the whole to him if I am so minded, and he need not give away a penny of it unless inclined.

[*At which I was fit to dance with delight.*

Mr. J. I deny that you possess the power, seeing that he is a British subject, and as such cannot be styled a "foreigner."

Mr. T. There you have mooted a knotty point indeed. Alas, that we have no forensic big-wig here to decide it!

Myself (*modestly*). As a native poor student of English law, I venture to think that, by dint of my legal attainments, I shall be enabled to crack the Gordian nut. I am distinctly of opinion that an individual born of dusky parents in a tropical climate *is* a foreigner, in the eye of British prejudice, and within the meaning of the testator. [*And here I maintained my assertion by a logomachy of such brilliancy and erudition that I completely convinced the minds of both auditors.*

Mr. J. (*grumblingly, to* Mr. TOMKINS). Assuming he is correct, why favour *him* more than *me*?

Mr. T. Because instinct informs me that a gentleman with such a face as his—however dusky—may be trusted, and with the untold gold!

Mr. J. (*jealously*). And I am not to be trusted! If you were to hand me your *portemonnaie* now, full of notes and gold, and let me walk into the street with it, do you doubt that I should return? Speak, TOMKINS!

Mr. T. Assuredly not; but so, too, would this gentleman. (*To me, as* Mr. JOHNSON *sneered a doubt.*) Here, you Sir, take this *portemonnaie* out into the street for five minutes or so, I trust to your honour to return it intact. (*After I had emerged triumphantly from this severe ordeal of my* bonâ fide.) Aha, JOHNSON! am I the judge of men or not?

Mr J. (*still seeking, as I could see, to undermine me in his friend's favour*). Pish! Who would steal a paltry £50 and lose £1000? If I had so much to give away, I should wish to be sure that the party I

was about to endow had corresponding confidence in *me*." Now, though I have always considered you as a dull, I know you to be strictly honest, and would trust you with all I possess. In proof of which, take these two golden sovereigns and few shillings outside. Stay away as long as you desire. You will return, I know you well!

Myself (*penetrating this shallow artifice, and hoisting the engine-driver on his own petard*). Who would not risk a paltry £2 to gain £1000? Oh, a magnificent confidence, truly!

Mr. J. (*to me*). Have you the ordinary manly pluck to act likewise? If you are expecting him to trust you with the pot of money, he has a right to expect to be trusted in return. That is logic!

Mr. T. (*mildly*). No, Johnson, you are too hasty, Johnson. The cases are different. I can understand the gentleman's very natural hesitation. I do not ask him to show his confidence in me—enough that I feel I can trust *him*. If he doubts my honesty, I shall think no worse of him; whichever way I decide eventually.

[*Here, terrified lest by hesitation I had wounded him at his quick, and lest, after all, he should decide to entrust the thousand pounds to* Mr. Johnson, *I hastily produced all the specie and bullion I had upon me, including a valuable large golden chronometer and chain of best English make, and besought him to go into the outer air for a while with them, which, after repeated refusals, he at last consented to do, leaving* Myself *and* Mr. Johnson *to wait.*

Mr. J. (*after tedious lapse of ten minutes*). Strange! I expected him back before this. But he is an absent-minded, chuckle-headed chap. Very likely he is staring at a down-fallen horse and has forgotten this affair. I had better go in search of him. What? you will come, too. Capital! Then if you go to the right, and I to the left, we cannot miss him!

But, alack! we did; and, in a short time, both Misters were invisible to the nude eye, nor have I heard from them since. Certain of my fellow-boarders, on hearing the matter, declared that I had been diddled by a bamboozle-trick; but it is egregiously absurd that my puissance in knowledge of the world should have been so much at fault; and, moreover, why should one who had succeeded to vast riches seek to rob me of my paltry possessions? It is much more probable that they are still diligently seeking for me, having omitted, owing to hurry of moment, to ascertain my name and address; and I hereby request Mr. Tomkins, on reading this, to forward the thousand pounds (or so much thereof as in his munificent generosity he may deem sufficient) to me at Porticobello House, Ladbroke Grove, W., or care of his friend, the Editor of *Punch*, by whom it will (I am sure) be honourably handed over intact.

Nor need Mr. Tomkins fear my reproaches for his dilatoriness, for there is a somewhat musty proverb that "Procrastination is preferable to Neverness."

CUCKOO!

(*After Shakspeare.*)

When twigs are bare and noses blue,
And the far hills with snow still white;
A cuckoo-passion fires the few
Who to the morning papers write.
The cuckoo, then—'tis fiddle-de-dee!
They've heard, they vow, chirp o'er the lea,
Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!—Oh, word of fear
Unpleasing to an honest ear!

Amateur naturalists have jaws
That neither truth nor honour locks.
They do not heed discretion's laws;
They care for cuckoos, not for clocks.
The cuckoo-song in Feb-ru-a-ree,
They swear they hear. Ah, me! Ah, me!
Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!—I greatly fear,
Your naturalist hath a false ear!

Honours Easy.—Last week the Conservatives acknowledged their debt to Captain Middleton, "the controlling spirit of their organisation" during the past eleven years, by presenting him with a little cheque for £10,000. We believe it is also proposed to change the name of Middleton into "Captain Middleman."

Song and Chorus (*very slightly altered from the original, to be sung by* Baron Pollock *and* Mr. Justice Bruce, *when the Tower Hamlets Election Case shall be over*).—"Oh, Willis, we shall miss you!"

NEW DEFINITION.

"But tell me, Alice. Is he—well, is he *quite* a Gentleman!" *Alice* (*after a pause*). "Well, he's nice-looking, and he's got his Handkerchief up his Cuff."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's *Verses Wise or Otherwise* (Cassell) are certainly all good. Many are reminiscent of Praed's light touch. The dainty little volume is rich in poetic fancy, winged in skilful verse.

I suppose the Unfinished Novel "catches on," or the kind of story represented by Netta Syrett's *Nobody's Fault*, which may be described as belonging to the "So-far-as-it-goes" class, would not be published. The characters awaken your interest; so does the tale, "so-far-as-it-goes," for the story is well written, and the leading *dramatis personæ* well imagined. But the story, not a long one in a single volume, is "endless." It is a *cul-de-sac* with an enticing entrance. You turn back again to see if you've missed any opening, any hint of a way out of it, but you find none. And the moral of it? "You takes your choice." The methodless method of thus writing a story seems to me to save a lot of trouble and much patient thought. You start a story. *Happy Thought*—someone who does something; who meets somebody; who does something else; who gets into difficulties—and then? How to get her out of them? *Another Happy Thought*,—Oh, bother! Don't try to get her out of them. Leave her there. The story's good "so-far-as-it-goes," and if you want more for your money you can't have it. You've got a third of a three-volume novel and you pay a third of a three-volume price. Quite fair. "If," says the wily author, "I see how to finish the adventures of my heroine (Thackeray used to "carry over" his figures to his next account) satisfactorily, that is, either kill her or cure her, then I will write you another volume, or, maybe, *The Story of Bridget*, in two volumes. But that will be another story." Hoping that Netta Syrett *will* do this, I strongly recommend the careful perusal of her present book, *Nobody's Fault*, which, as a specimen of "The So-far-as-it-goes" and of "The Altogether," I venture to consider well worth reading.

The Baron.

"For the Next Occupier."—Last Friday's *Gazette* announced that the Queen has approved of the retention of the title of "honourable" by Sir David Tennant on his retirement from the Cape House Speakership. It is to be hoped that in the future the Cape House will find as good a Tennant.

A GRAND-DAUGHTER OF EVE.

Mamma (to Molly, who has scratched and bitten her French Nurse, and who won't be sorry for her behaviour). "OH, MOLLY, DON'T YOU KNOW WHO IT IS PUTS SUCH WICKED THOUGHTS INTO YOUR HEAD!"

Molly. "AH, YES, THE *Scratching!* BUT TO *bite* FÉLICIE WAS QUITE MY OWN IDEA!"

A FEW PICTURES.

¶ [HAPPY man be his dole who is the fortunate possessor of even a few of the specimens of Barbizonian art now exhibiting at the Grafton Galleries. Do not omit a considerable pause before No. 127 and No. 125, by MARIS; note especially 125, showing an old woman coming away from the sea, homeward, across the sand in a sea-weed gatherer's cart. She has probably been collecting wreck-rubbish, odds and ends, on the rocks. The title might well have been "*A Picker-up of Unconsidered Trifles*," or "*A Marine Widow with her Sea-weeds*." No. 61, MILLET'S "*Angelus*," is of world-wide renown. No. 95, MICHEL'S "*Windmill*." More wind is expected. The artist evidently knew how to "raise the wind" when he drew this. No. 13. Is this an Irish cabin, with mother and son at a meal of "potatoes and point"? A touching subject, finely painted by JOSEF ISRAELS. They are both hungry, but the question arises, which is to commence? The ancient dame or the hungry boy?

No. 112. HERR DIAZ has had a happy day in Epping Forest, and gives a charming reminiscence of the event.

The great attraction, to a majority of landscape-lovers, will be COROT'S work; almost all his pictures represent that peculiar hazy atmosphere which makes the foliage of a French-grey tint. The much-travelled observer will have noticed this atmospheric effect on the line between Calais and Paris. The idea conveyed is either that there is no sun to speak of in this part of France, or that the artist invariably selected a dull day for his work. COROT is the brilliant painter of a "*Dull Day*" in France. The exhibition is well worth several visits.

A QUARTER-DAY BALLAD OF SPRING.

You sing a song of life renewed,
Of buds that promise leaves,
Of lawns with daffodils bestrewed,
Of swallows 'neath the eaves,
Of tiny blades that shall be corn,
Of flowers wrapt in scent,
You hail the welcome April morn,
And I the quarter's rent.

You tell of how your feelings thrill
When touched by Springtide spell,
And speak of tender hearts that fill
Like buckets at a well.
You ask me if my troth was true?
If all my love is spent?
Both vows and bills I will renew
When I have paid the rent!

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC QUESTIONS.—The success of *Trilby* and the *Prisoner of Zenda* has set actors novel-reading, has inspired novelists to write their novels with a view to reproduction on the stage, and is likely to turn playwrights into a sort of newspaper boys eagerly waiting for novels to be given out to them to dramatise. And where do the public come in? Is the public to read the novel first and then see the play, or *vice versâ*? And isn't it a six to four chance that those who *have* read the story will *not* want to see the play? Also, in the end, will not the practice, should it become general, be injurious alike to novelist, dramatist, and actor? and wearisome to the public?

SAVED!

The view from Richmond Terrace, owing to the rejection of Petersham and Ham Lands and Footpaths Bill on March 12.)

THE view from Richmond Hill is saved,
Out Petersham and Ham way;
Those open fields shall ne'er be paved,
Nor scored with lines of tramway.

Her landscape London ill could spare;
For chimney-pots to barter
The famous stretch of prospect fair
Seen from the Star and Garter!

The House of *Commons* now may use
Its name with new intention;
Our commons all too rare we'd lose
But for its intervention.

University Intelligence.

EARL OF BERKELEY couldn't be excused from "pernoctation" on the ground of ill-health. That his lordship must "pernoct" or give it up, was decided by 79 votes to 63.

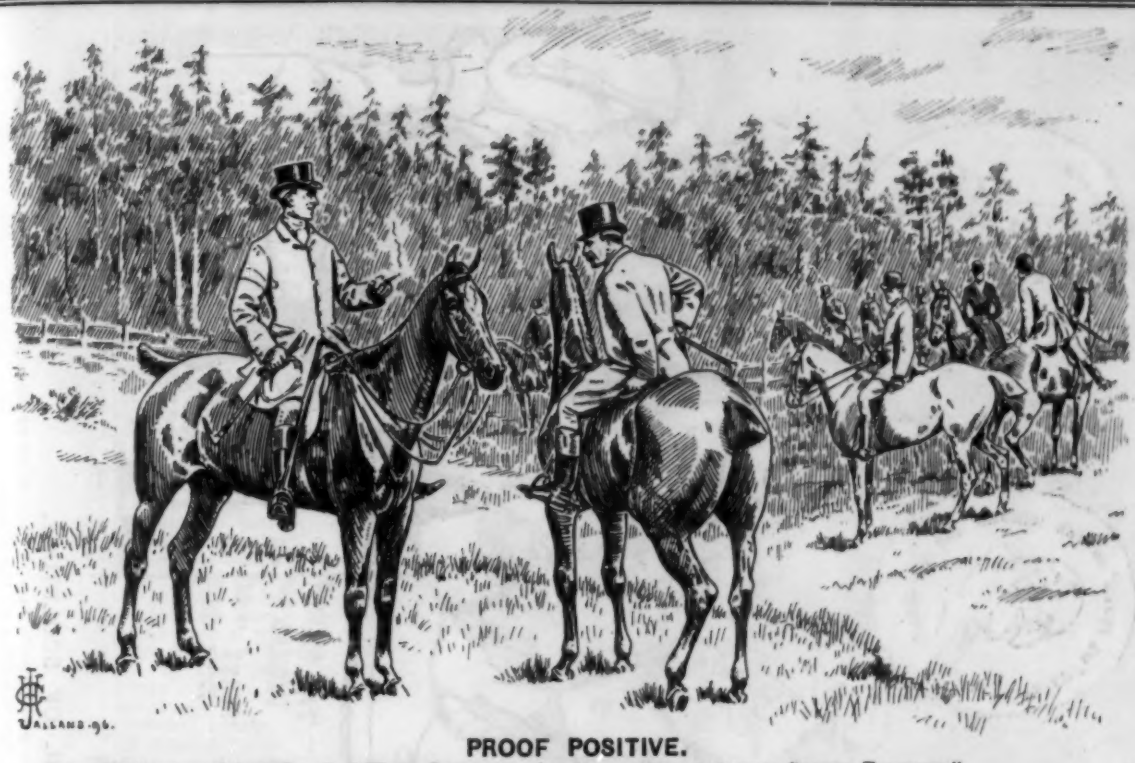
On another subject, "The Warden of All Souls deprecated alarm." Delightfully soothing title, "The Warden of All Souls," and how gratifying to know that he "deprecated alarm." But what a tremendous responsibility!!

SUGGESTED NAME FOR A NEW DINING ASSOCIATION.—The Swallow Club.

ETON INTELLIGENCE.—Sovereign-tipping uncles are now known as "quid-nunks."

IN THE DESERT!

Shade of General Gordon (*to* John Bull). "**REMEMBER!**"



PROOF POSITIVE.

Podson (lately returned from abroad). "WELL, I HEAR YOU 'VE BEEN HAVING A CAPITAL SEASON, THRUSTER."

Thruster. "OH, RIPPIN'! WHY, I 'VE HAD BOTH COLLAR-BONES BROKEN, LEFT WRIST SPRAINED, AND HAVEN'T GOT A SOUND HORSE LEFT IN MY STRING!"

ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

SOME INDIRECT EFFECTS OF THE BOAT-RACE.

THE direct effects of the great contest between the two universities are of course well known. It draws the country parsons to London in shoals; it opens the flood-gates of reminiscence in countless elderly gentlemen, and induces them to relate marvellous stories of prowess and endurance in bygone years; it covers Putney with dark and light blue bunting; it decorates the whips of cabmen, bus-drivers, and butcher-boys; it arrays unconscious dogs in the rival favours, and ranges them in hostile camps; and it causes sixteen healthy young men to affront the wind and rain of March, in clothing which can only be described as just adequate for decency, and totally inadequate for anything else. There are other effects, those, for instance, which the ups and downs of practice exercise on the impressionable minds of the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange, and on the variegated and descriptive vocabulary of the assiduous journalists who compile reports in the sporting papers. It is only during Boat-race time that "the clock of Putney Church chimes high noon," or that a crew's endurance becomes so extraordinary, that at the end of twenty-one minutes of hard rowing, "their breath would not have flickered a candle."

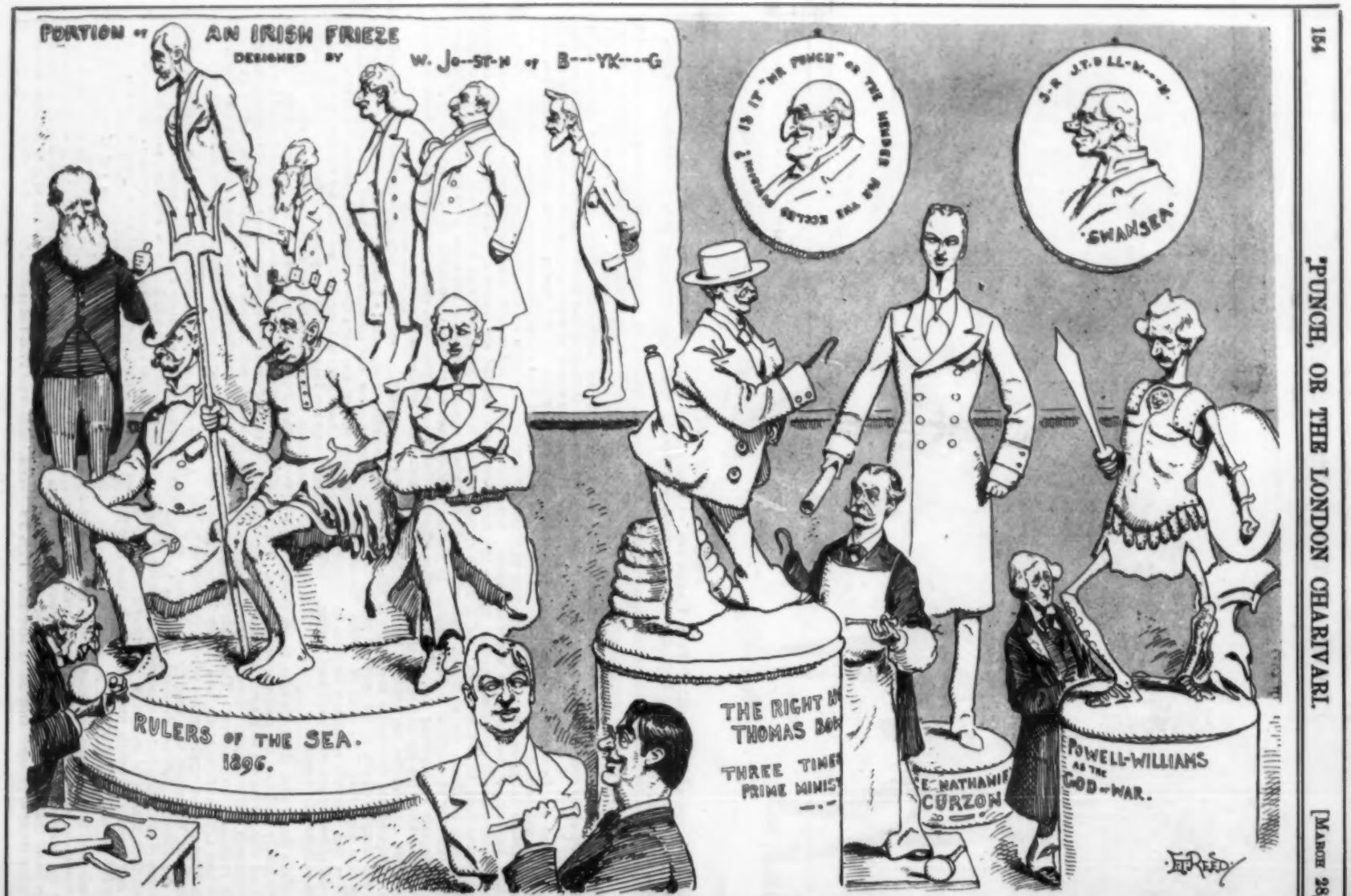
BUT the effects that I wish chiefly to refer to are those which are caused in the family circles of the members of the crews. It is not too much to say that, as the day of the race approaches, some sixteen quiet establishments scattered up and down the country become convulsed with excitement and anxiety. The minds of fathers and mothers are torn with conflicting emotions. Pride in the achievement of the beloved son struggles with a painful solicitude as to his power of enduring the stress and struggle of the race, and the *Sportsman* and *Sporting Life* are devoured every day by the unaccustomed eyes of mothers intent on discovering the weight of their darlings and their chances of success on the fateful day. As an example, I may describe a terrible scene which took place only the other day in (let us say) a Surrey home.

PAPA, a man used to stratagems and wiles, got into the breakfast-room a quarter-of-an-hour before the usual time in order to read the account of the previous day's practice in the *Sportsman* at his leisure. He found that excellent paper in the hands of the butler, who was reading it out to an eager audience of servants. Papa dismissed them with some asperity, and sat down to the paper. Just as he had done so, mamma came in. She is ordinarily a lady of the most regular and methodical habits, scarcely ever varying by a minute the moment of her morning appearance. On this occasion, however, she was at least ten minutes before her usual time. The fact was, that she, too, was bent upon the *Sportsman*, and had come down in high hopes of anticipating papa. Seeing, however, that she was too late, she made an unimportant remark about the weather, and sat down to endure with as much resignation as she could command until her lord and master should have exhausted the aquatic news. She was too proud to ask him to read it out to her; besides, to have a paper read to you can never give anything like the same satisfaction as reading it yourself. So the minutes sped by, the breakfast was brought in, and papa still sat reading, while mamma waited to step into his shoes.

A LATE son (sons are always late at breakfast) as he approached the breakfast-room, heard his mother's voice declaiming, in tones of unwonted anger, and marvelled as he heard. He entered, and his mother saluted him with these memorable words: "ARTHUR," she said, "I have been waiting half an hour for the *Sportsman*, and I can't wait any longer. You are young and strong. Take the paper away from your selfish father by force, and give it to me. Why, he won't even tell whether HARRY's weight has gone up or down." Papa's silence was perhaps excusable, for mamma had announced her intention, if the boy's weight dropped another pound, of fetching him away from Putney at once. HARRY's weight had dropped, but, by a curious chance, that part of the *Sportsman* which recorded it was found to have been torn out when it arrived at length in mamma's hands.

A FIRM of tailors has sent me a letter containing one of the longest and most unfinished sentences I have ever come across. Here it is:—

"DEAR SIR,—We respectfully beg to say, that having been further recommended by our Patrons, who, finding our System of Business, as most fair to the advantage of our Clients, of which the principles are, by not making one Customer pay for another, and by not maintaining an enormous (and superfluous) show and establishment at the cost of our Patrons, and personally supervising and making of every garment, all of which being made on the premises, and our prices not being based on the credit system, the combined principles of which by strictly adhering to, we have succeeded in proving with every satisfaction, that it is quite possible to continue supplying the very finest quality of Goods and of most exquisite Cut and workmanship as per Price List enclosed."



A PARLIAMENTARY SCHOOL OF SCULPTURE.

WHY NOT ESTABLISH A STUDIO AT WESTMINSTER, WHERE HON. MEMBERS MAY, AFTER A FEW LESSONS, CREATE STATUES OF THEMSELVES, OR, BY ARRANGEMENT, OF OTHER MEMBERS, FOR SUBSEQUENT USE IN THE PRECINCTS OF THE HOUSE.

THE COMING RACE.

(A Note in Advance from a Prophet sure of being on the spot.)

WHAT new thing can be said of the University Boat Race? If the sun is reported to be shining brightly, the birds singing, the leaves budding from the trees, the description will be lacking in novelty. On the other hand, if a paragraph be given to an account of the fog and the rain, the mist and the mud, again a precedent will have been followed, and nothing more. In like manner, what does it matter whether the crowd be large or small? Nothing could be easier than to describe the dresses of the ladies in the sunshine, or their umbrellas in the wet.

Once more, the race itself. Well, either the Dark or the Light must win the toss for stations. And the challengers must appear before the challenged, floating in the neighbourhood of Putney Bridge. And then, whether it be rain or shine, there is sure to be a "hush of expectation." The Jerseys having been collected, the sixteen will be found waiting, after the warning "Are you ready?" for the signal giving them leave to go. And when the start is made, why, the first few strokes will be reported with the minutest detail. After a minute or two Oxford or Cambridge will forge ahead. A little later a broader view will be taken of the rowing. Only a distinct "spurt" will merit and obtain special notice. But the number of strokes to the minute will be recorded. Now the Dark Blues will be pulling 38, now they will have slowed down to 35, now they will have strained every effort to pass the 40. And the record of Cambridge will be equally interesting. As a matter of course, the steering once and again will go wrong. But this is not to be unexpected now that "the water" is abandoned at Westminster. How can a cox know his way about if he is taken over the course on a steam-launch only a few days before the race? It stands to reason that he has no chance with those to the manner (or rather river) born.

The familiar landmarks will emerge from their obscurity. The Doves and the Elms and Hammersmith Bridge. Chiswick Eyot, too, and the iron sheds of Thornycroft, of torpedo-catcher fame. Then will come Barnes Bridge and the finish.

And will not there be complaints anent the umpire's launch and the unsatisfactory progress of either of the 'Varsity steamers, or, perchance, the boat reserved for the Fourth Estate? And then the other conventionalities—the niggers, the loafers, the perambulating purveyors of cheap refreshments. All will have a line or two. The same old story told aga'n, year after year.

There it is in brief. Rather more than the outline, and only one thing necessary to make the whole complete—the name of the winner. Will it be Oxford or Cambridge? Oxbridge or Camford? But this cannot be told just at present, owing to the exigencies of publication. So why write more? Echo obligingly, sympathisingly, and sensibly answers "why?"

FANCY PORTRAIT.

MR. B-RNY B-RN-TO

(As "Ancient Pistol")—

"I SPEAK OF AFRICA, AND GOLDEN JOYS!"
Henry the Fourth, Second Part, Act V., Scene 3.

INFORMATION WANTED.—We read that the Russian Emperor has "decorated the Negus." Is this the same thing as "crowning the flowing bowl"?—IGNORAMUS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, March 16.—Peers not going to sit tamely by whilst other House is treated to statement on leading question of the hour. ROSEBERY will see to that. When House met to-day he, with tears in his voice, lamented absence of the MARKISS. Had not only expected him to be in his place, but looked for him to rise and make statement about Soudan, at least as full as Commoner people in another place were indulged withal. MARKISS came in later, with air of guilt not dispelled by affectation of indifference. When House about to adjourn he explained that he had said nothing because he was asked nothing. Pretty to see him demurely fold his hands over his broad bosom, archly look across table towards ROSEBERY, make dainty courtesy of mock grace, and hum

"Nobody axed me, Sir, she said."

ROSEBERY, not to be put off with these blandishments. "Thought," he sternly said, "the FOREIGN SECRETARY would deem your Lordships not unworthy of a statement similar to that made by the UNDER SECRETARY in the other House." Again MARKISS pleaded that he had not been asked. As ROSEBERY oddly refrained from putting definitive question invited, nothing was said.

JAMES of Hereford (late of Bury) brought in Water Bill. SARK met GRAND CROSS after House rose. Always athirst for information, SARK asked what he thought of it. "You're a great authority on water, you know," he added, insinuatingly.

"If you mean," said GRAND CROSS, looking at him suspiciously, "that when I was Home Secretary I brought in a London Water Bill, you're right. If my proposal had been adopted, London would have had an investment nearly as good as that my late esteemed friend Lord BEACONSFIELD made for the State in the matter of the Suez Canal. But there are always people who know better than the most highly gifted. As for JAMES's Bill, I am too annoyed to have followed it closely. You will remember that my memory is kept green in the House of Commons by reason of my having on a memorable occasion said I 'thought I heard an hon. Member smile.' A poor thing, but mine own. It has remained unapproached all these years. And now here's a paltry Poet Laureate attempting to compete with my masterpiece;" and GRAND CROSS read out, in voice trembling with scorn, the Poet Laureate's deathless verse suggested for monument of the Postman Poet:—

"O lark-like poet! Carol on,
Lost in dim light, an unseen trill."

"'An unseen trill,' forsooth!" cried GRAND CROSS. "This ALFRID-AUSTIC is just the kind of fellow to talk of an unheard smile, and pass the idea off as original. But I'd have him know I heard a man smile years before he didn't see a trill."

Business done.—Statement in Commons presaging fresh invasion of Soudan. House thereupon appropriately proceeded to consider Army Estimates, voting a trifle under six millions before you could say "Dongola!"

Tuesday.—HICKS-BEACH not kind of man to give himself up to riotous enjoyment. Temperature rather freezing than sultry. But to-night had high old time. Never imagined that bi-metallism covered possibilities of such human joy. Man from WHITELEY's brought on resolution affirming principle of bi-metallism. As everyone knows, PRINCE ARTHUR has no philosophic doubts on this question. Believes thoroughly in bi-metallism. So does CHAPLIN.

"Pass a law establishing bi-metallism," says that eminent economist, "and you will have what I may call bi-farming—that is to say, two blades of corn will grow in every field where hitherto only one has popped up an undersold head."

In such circumstances bi-metallists might well look hopeful. Even if CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER did not (if the phrase may in this connection be used without disrespect) go bald-headed in support of principle, he at least must treat subject with deference.

HICKS-BEACH began in soothing tone with kindly manner. That only his artfulness. As soon as he had cleared the ground and firmly planted his feet thereon, he seized bi-metallism by the throat, flung it to the ground, kicked and pummelled it till every threepenny-bit in its pouch must have been twisted up. For adherents of the true faith this was bad enough. What lent pathos to the scene was to watch PRINCE ARTHUR and HARRY CHAPLIN seated on Treasury Bench whence HICKS-BEACH had risen to promulgate rank heresy. The very helplessness of their situation added to its misery.

PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF AGRICULTURE rides many more stone than CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER. Had he thrown himself upon him from behind, PRINCE ARTHUR might have taken him by the heels. Together they could have carried him out, dropped him over the terrace into the silver Themis. But that procedure would have been open to misunderstanding. There was nothing to do but to sit there silent, PRINCE ARTHUR drooping like an unwatered lily, CHAPLIN furiously writing letters to himself making mincemeat of HICKS-BEACH and his arguments.

Worst of all, bitterest drop in the brimming cup, was to see SQUIRE OF MALWOOD on bench opposite, literally brimming over with delight at beholding bi-metallism fatally wounded in the house of a friend.

Business done.—Bi-metallism's—at least for the rest of the century.

Thursday.—DON JOSÉ AFRICANUS not in his place just now when son AUSTEN made his maiden Ministerial speech. That a pity, since it was a success in more ways than one. In addition to the paternal eye-glass, AUSTEN inherits the pleasant voice, the lucidity, and the keenness to see a debating point, which distinguish the personage he occasionally refers to as "my right hon. relative." Pleasant to see the friendly interest taken in the event "We all like AUSTEN," not less in the Liberal camp than in the new country into which he has dutifully followed his father. An encouraging cheer greeted his appearance at the table to reply for the Admiralty to miscellaneous criticism on Naval Works Bill. Still louder applause approved the task when completed. A high position for so young a Member. Not only is it filled with ability, but the honour is borne with modesty. House of Commons, most fastidious audience in the world, likes to think that "AUSTEN will do."

A Perfect Adonis.

In absence of DON JOSÉ, HELDER, of Whitehaven, unconsciously, unintentionally, but effectively filled the place of fond, appreciative father. No relative of AUSTEN's, right honourable or otherwise. Nothing to do with him, the Admiralty, or the Naval Works Bill. Sat as remote as possible from Treasury Bench; far below Gangway; almost under shadow of gallery. But being there, his plump hands folded over portly paunch, his face beaming with sublimation of domestic content, one couldn't help, somehow, associating him with the youth at the table, launched on a Ministerial career, or fail to recognise in his attitude and expression a sort of vicarious fatherhood to all that is deserving.

SARK tells me that in the early days of Mr. GULLY's Speakership, a time not free from anxiety, his greatest comfort, his most effective encouragement, came from this good man. In private life, he is head of firm of solicitors, with assuringly sonorous title. When Mr. GULLY, not dreaming of the Speaker's Chair, went circuit, Messrs. BROCKBANK, HELDER & Co. sent him briefs. When he came to the Chair, and seemed to need a little encouragement, it was the practice of the senior member of BROCKBANKS, casually as it were, to stroll down the House, his white waistcoat gleaming with benevolence. As he passed the Speaker's Chair, he nodded in confidential way to his old client, as who should say, "Cheer up, old man. The Court's with you. If it fails, there's BROCKBANK, HELDER & Co. behind." In moments of exceptional difficulty, he even winked as he strolled past the Chair.

Not having these early professional relations with the CIVIL LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, he does not go that length. But as he sits there, looking straight before him with kindly, fatherly smile, the subtle influence of his presence suffuses the neighbourhood, and, stealing across the Gangway, gently, but effectively, sustains the unconscious *débutant*. *Business done.*—Quite a lot.

Friday.—Ministers supported to-night by rattling majority in resolve to dare again the dangers of the sad Soudan. DON JOSÉ's speech settled the matter. MORLEY, SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, DILKE and others picture prospect in lurid colours. They recall experience of last expedition; count up its cost; show the utter emptiness of its gain. House uneasy; COURTNEY speaks and votes against his political friends; talk of further revolt in Ministerial camp. Then DON JOSÉ steps to front, and puts the whole matter right. Poohpoohs apprehension. No danger, and if any money-cost, Egypt will bear it. All that is intended is, Egyptian troops will go forward from Wady Halfa as far as Akasheh, a railway following them to make things comfortable. If they find no Dervishes about, may even steal on to Dongola. If Dervishes in dangerous force, will come back by first train.

Cook's Agent in Egypt. "How far will you go, Gentlemen?"
Joey. "Oh, as far as ever we can go for the money—until it gets *too hot for us!*"

At this picture of glorious war House gave sigh of relief; crowded into division lobby, pouring through at other end in mad race for early morning cabs. *Business done.*—New Soudan war approved by 288 votes against 145

"DRAWING" PICTURES.

APART from the excellent "second edition" of the grand ballet, *Faust*, from the SCHÄFFERS, from *La Danse*, and from the songs of the piquante Mlle. JUNIORI, the "Cinematographe pictures" are sufficient of themselves to attract all London to the entertainment now being given to exceptionally crowded houses at the Empire. The lifelike representation of such scenes as the arrival of the train, "the plungers," the gardener with the hose, and Monsieur, Madame et Bébé at breakfast, is simply marvellous. The final one of Monsieur TREWEY himself doing the serpentine trick with a piece of white riband, though perhaps the most difficult of all to reproduce, appears to be simplicity itself in comparison with the "arrival of the train" and "the bathing scene." Is it not within the range of practicability to reproduce effects in the House of Commons, or "Mr. G." being received at a railway station? Only the exact portraiture of the lineaments of well-known public characters is required to add fresh interest, from time to time, to one of the most remarkable exhibitions that ever delighted the public. Theatrical managers might possibly be averse to scenes from their plays being thus represented; and yet, if considered as advertisement, they might not, for a consideration, object. In time, when the invention is perfected, the living and moving pictures will, no doubt, be presented on a still larger scale, features will be more distinct, and the quivering effect will entirely disappear. That is in the not very distant future; but at present these "TREWEY-TO-Nature Pictures" are, and will long continue to be, a principal attraction at the Empire. But cannot somebody invent a short word—a kind of telegraphic equivalent—for "Cinematographe"? A nautical series might have been called "Trewey Bluey." Why not the "Ciné" or "Cinny pictures"?

New Lamps for Old.

"THIS smells too strongly of the lamp!"
Men said when, by the midnight moon,
Wit toiled in Grub Street garrets damp.
Now when fine ladies fiction vamp,
And problem-playwrights slop and scamp,
It smells too strongly of—lampoon!

A SLOW THOROUGHFARE BELYING ITS NAME IN A MATTER OF WIDENING.—Fleet Street.

OF ALL DEALERS.

Martell's "Three Star" Brandy.

BOTTLED IN COGNAC.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED

"PIONEER"

SWEETENED TOBACCO,

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

RICHMOND CAVENDISH Co., LTD.,

AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

And retailed by all first-class tobacconists at home and abroad.

FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

FRUIT

Nothing so profitable and easy to grow.
80 Acres of Splendid Trees.

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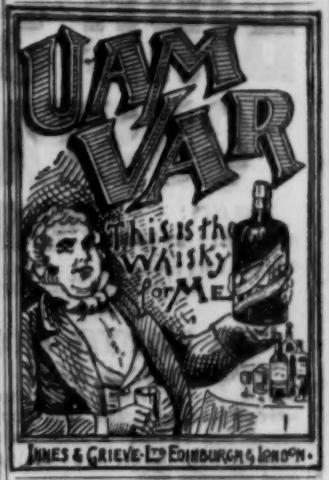

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